

gelist and the Master could be vividly reproduced. Fancy teacher and scholars sitting together for forty minutes reading together, audibly, each from his own book, the boy life of David. Then, moving before them, home and tent life, shepherd, flock, desert, stream, mountain, the starry heavens and the wild beast. Jonathan, David, Saul, Goliath. The mental pictures carried from book and canvas would never fade.

What book is this?

It is an abridged Bible, in clear type, with marginal references, and brief, illuminating footnotes; the essential teachings of the Old Testament, synchronized as far as possible, together with the books of the New; the gospels combined into a harmony. Such a volume, however, must please the individual and family, as well as the school. It has not yet been constructed, but it will be; it must be. The materials are at hand; translations, references, assured information for footnote illumination.

The doers of this gracious work may well have much of Emerson's two halves of culture—the world of books and the

world of men. Yet having that only would mean failure. The supreme equipment must be a true spiritual conception and sympathy, that the religious imagination of all kinds of people may be enchaind and nourished. Paul's declaration must always be the test: "Every scripture inspired of God is profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, which is righteousness." Few will insist that the Bible is as profitable for instruction in righteousness as it might be.

Why should it be thought an incredible thing that a Christian council in this century should be able to fashion a more inspiring book than a Jewish synod in the first century? Surely Protestantism will recognize its high privilege and responsibility. For generations the heart of humanity has turned to it in all struggles for national, social and spiritual betterment. The vital, inspiring messages of the old Book, put within easy reach and comprehension, His saving health will more quickly and certainly be known among all nations.

*Belle Vernon, Pa.*

## Lincoln and Compulsory Greek

By C. Grant La Farge

[We are glad to be able to present to our readers this able defense of the Bacon design for the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, which we criticized February 6 in an editorial entitled "How Lincoln Would Have Laughed." Mr. La Farge was associated with his father, the late John La Farge, in the architectural work of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and numerous churches and mausoleums and other buildings in all parts of the country. He has been president of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and of the Architectural League. We comment upon his point of view in the editorial pages of this issue.—EDITOR.]

How Lincoln would have laughed—yes, how "he who looked with a genial eye on all the follies and ineptitudes of men" would have laughed at the crass ineptitude of those who would make the memorial of his greatness and his deep significance an experiment station for the uncultured commemoration of his mere personal attributes. For that is one question, one of the two strange questions, propounded by those who decry Bacon's noble and scholarly design. They say that it is not a fitting memorial of Lincoln. Why? Because it is based upon tradition; because it is scholarly; because it is a "temple"; because it exhibits him as a pagan deity.

What is it, then, that we commemorate? Apparently, if one must follow their line of reasoning, it should be his uncouthness, his humble beginnings, a certain almost Rabelaisian quality of his. These are the merest externals. It is not because of these that he lives, a resplendent figure, in the minds of men, and it is not these that should be perpetuated here in this enduring shrine. For when the assassin's blow sent his frail mortal body to its long rest, there rose from its poor clay a figure destined to grow in glory with the passing years; to be stript of all that was sordid and temporary; to stand forever among his peers, the eternally great—great for

their common possession of the heroic qualities which know not time, nor place, nor race, nor condition.

He would have laughed, you say, at the following of tradition, what you so cheaply call "imitation." Would he? What was it that the gaunt hobbledehoy studied when he wished to form *his* style? He did not try to invent a new language, to cut loose from the examples of a classic past. With an eagerness not to be thwarted by obstacles or ridicule from the narrow-minded world in which he lived, he sought that past. Read the story of his reading, and then read again the Gettysburg address. If the Doric order is not there, then our tongue has no form or rules.

His effigy, you say, should not stand in a temple. Well, this building is a temple only by implication. It certainly is patterned on no classic form of temple, except in that it has a colonnade about it. But grant that it recalls a temple. It is not the body of Lincoln that is here to be set before our gaze, it is his spirit. Since men began to honor their great dead and exalt their memories, they have found no nobler expression of their sentiment than the monumental edifice. They know today no graver form, none of greater dignity, none more abstract, freer from a connotation that would verge close upon blasphemy, than one based upon the models of classic antiquity. And they know none more appropriate, because of the roots from which spring their law, their literature, their art and their learning of today. If this place to which shall come the generations of our country to do homage, to learn a great spiritual truth, to revere a splendid soul, shall appear to be a temple, then indeed it is well.

We are told that Lincoln will be made to appear as a Greek deity. Any statue of a hero under a colonnade is a Greek deity, then. Very well, a statue in the open air is a Greek deity; a statue in almost any place is a Greek deity. The only thing that prevents our taking the statues in Central Park, or in the various "circles" of Washington, for Greek deities is, perhaps, that they are not chryselephantine! It is probably some

dulness of comprehension that debars us from realizing the truth, that the figure, alleged to be George Washington, on the steps of the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, is really Jupiter Tonans, or perhaps Augustus Cæsar.

What insufferable nonsense! But it ceases to be nonsense, and becomes a sheer insult to the intelligence, when we are requested to believe that Lincoln would not have taken the stand he did on the slave issue had he been subjected to compulsory Greek. This is a pretty comprehensive insult, for it is directed not alone at us, but at Abraham Lincoln. Think what it means: that he—wise, patient, suffering soul, seeker thru all his days for learning and great example, shrewd disentangler of truth from sophistry—would had he in his youth been brought into the high company of the great poets and reasoners from whom flow the undiminished rivers that still refresh our thirsty minds and hearts, have been deluded into following the paths of cruelty and oppression. And you, who think this of him, think you are fit to counsel us! You would have us, we take it, believe that among those who so nobly gave the last full measure of devotion, were none who were taught the humanities. You would persuade us to ignore all the long centuries of man's slow growth, his struggle upward toward perfection; to set aside, as of no worth, all his experience of the need to follow in known and proven paths if his footsteps shall lead him to any sure result. You would have us substitute chaos, ignorance, lawlessness, and a carnival of eccentricity, for decency and order.

You say that this design is alien. We reply that its origin is the common heritage of civilization, of which we will not be despoiled.

You say that as it is Greek, so is it dead. We reply that great art never dies.

Tout passe; l'art robuste  
Seul a l'éternité;  
Le buste  
Survit à la cité.

Et la médaille austère,  
Que trouve un laboureur,  
Sous terre,  
Révèle un empereur.

*New York City.*